

THE Gleichen Call

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR NO. 25

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY,

SEPTEMBER 10, 1930

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NAMAKA NEWS

(From our Own Correspondent)
Mrs. M. Despas was a Calgary visitor on Monday.

Mr. A. W. Klassen spent Friday in Calgary on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Wooster were Calgary visitors last week.

Miss Etta Aman of Cluny, spent the weekend with Miss Evelyn Ley.

Ray Baker of Calgary spent Labor Day visiting with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Watts called on friends in Gleichen on Sunday afternoon.

We are pleased to say at the time of writing W. H. Baker has recovered from his recent illness.

School opened here on September 2nd. We are pleased to have our old staff of teachers with us again.

Some of our young men went to explore Turner Valley on Sunday. Enroute they visited Jack Bremner at Okotoks.

The Alberta Government Telephone men are now putting in the poles for the new lines. About forty men being engaged at that work just now.

Mrs. P. H. Waters has been engaged as principal on the Rockyford High School staff and left on Monday to take up her duties there.

Harvesting in about eighty-five per cent finished. Some of the crops are showing very good yields, while others are just fair. The threshers and combines are working to full capacity.

We are pleased to have Mr. Leonard Atkins back with us again. He has spent the past three months at the General Hospital in Calgary, and we are glad that he is able to be back home again.

WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN

Where are they? On the streets amidst the rushing traffic—on the railway tracks? They must go somewhere after school lets out at four o'clock, for all that pent-up energy is pounding to let loose.

The day is coming, no doubt, when there will be legislation about youngsters running at will in this age of motor-driven vehicles. Then the reprobate will be removed that the rate of preventable deaths from auto accidents has increased 50 percent since 1927.

The Bureau of Statistics shows the figures of death to be 1,204 for the past year and despite all warnings in the world the rate rises yearly. Not a day passes but we see that some dear child has come to an untimely end and the auto driver is exonerated from all blame—the fault being the child's own. That does not ease the aching heart of the parents, nor stem the grief in the little home circle caused by that vacant high-chair.

Mothers must find safe play-places for their offspring, and not leave it to the children themselves, nor to chance. One thing mothers can do, and perhaps this is better done by the fathers—and that is to instill the rules of the road into every last one of them. Safety first should be the daily pledge of the child as he leaves gaily for school.

Many good lessons are taught by the health program of the Junior Red Cross in the branch of the school, amongst which there is being stressed more and more the need for preventing sickness by keeping fit and well. Then comes another great lesson—the prevention of fire, and accident, by taking all reasonable precautions. Your children will benefit by these practical talks during Red Cross meetings, therefore all parents are urged to see that a Junior Branch is functioning at every school no matter how remote. Write to Red Cross 407 Civic Block, Edmonton, for free pamphlets on Safety First.

NEWS OF MILO AND DISTRICT

(By John Glambeck.)

Victor Bertrand had the misfortune to fall down his cellar and broke his arm.

Mr. Ferngren has returned from his trip to the coast and is now busy trying to collect old bills.

The Oddfellows Hall is now nearly finished and with its red painted roof is quite an attractive building. It's to be all finished by the time the annual school fair is to be held which is now close at hand.

Mrs. R. Beckner has returned from her trip to the coast where she went to attend the golden wedding of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Macomber who now reside at Vancouver. While out there Mrs. Beckner visited many former Milo, and Queenstown people such as Mrs. Joe McCabe, Mr. Wells and T. Thompson at Victoria and others.

Since threshing started the elevator men have been on the jump from early morning till late at night. Nearly all the wheat is now hauled by trucks which start early and keep it up all day long. It's different from the homestead days when we hauled wheat to Gleichen around by the stage bridge, a two and sometimes three day trip.

Threshing out here is practically all finished and in spite of the dry season, the result was fairly good. Wheat on summer fallow ran from 12 to 23 bushels per acre. An odd field went as high as 25 and 28. Stubble grain ran all the way from 2 to 10 bushels an acre. But the price, well that's another story! It is safe to say everybody will be well enough to stay at home this winter. On 41 cents a bushel initial payment on pot wheat, you cannot pay your bills or travel much.

Many people have asked me how my fruit turned out this year. Well fruit like anything else, requires rain for best results and as a matter of fate we have had no real soaking rain out here for two years. As a result of the drought my apples and plums are smaller than usual. I have some cherry and Opata plums but very few of the native kind. On the older trees there is fairly good crop of the hybrids, but very few transplanted crabs. Most of the young hybrid apple trees are bearing well. One Osmond apple tree planted a year ago, but three years old in nursery, is bearing this year which goes to show that some of these trees breed up for Western Canada are quick growers.

Canada's commercial apple crop for this season has been estimated at 2,990,100 barrels by the Department of Agriculture. This expectation is 75.8 per cent of the 1929 crop and 93. per cent of the past five years' average. Pears, peaches, plums and grapes are expected to surpass figures for 1929, the estimated increase ranging from 11 per cent for pears to 31 per cent for plums.

News is always wanted by the Call.

No labor seems quite so unproductive as searching for and removing the pins in a new shirt.

A single brand of cigarettes now has sales of more than two hundred million dollars a year. It would be advertising to tell which one.

By the use of chaulmogra oil Japan has checked leprosy, of which there are 100,000 cases in the empire.

In Belgium, as an assistance to first aid service, a system of telephones is to be placed along the highways.

Some of our professional reformers might take a gentle hint from a schoolboy's essay on Socrates. The boy wrote: "Socrates was a great man. He was a sort of tramp. He went around telling people what to do, and they listened him."

A typewriter which can write up to 1,000 words a minute has been invented by an engineer in Germany.

Dom. Government Asking for Local Tenders

New Indian Agency, Addition to Hospital And Five Indian Houses And Barns

Agent G. H. Gooderham, of the Blackfoot Indian Agency, yesterday received plans and specifications for the new Indian office, an addition to the hospital, and the erection of five new Indian houses and five barns.

Tenders close for these on September 22nd, in order that the work may be proceeded with at once and employment found for local workmen. It is also hoped that local contractors will secure all the work.

The tenders call for two separate contracts, one for the new office and the hospital addition and the other for the Indian homes and barns.

Excellent progress is being made in putting on the finishing touches on the fine new Old Sun School. Already Rev. Mr. House, the new principal, has arrived from Unity, Saskatchewan, to take charge, succeeding the Rev. F. M. Ross Gibney, who has been appointed to take over the work of Archdeacon Tims, and the work on the Sarcee reserve, Archdeacon Tims having resigned his position.

HISTORIC EPISODE OF PIONEER DAYS DEPICTED

Tim McCoy Stars in Vivid Picture Filled with Drama And Thrills

Mr. H. L. Phillips, our local station agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway, returned today from a vacation on the Pacific coast. Mr. Don Swain acted as station agent during his absence.

The good work of repairing the sidewalk on Fourth Ave. continues north. Jack Lester finds along side a church a poor place for lost coins having so far found only one dime and an ancient Indian two-bit piece made of wood, branded "F. C. Knight," which was used in early days as money with the Indians. Also a "People's Bakery 1908" bread coin. He wonders how much of this was meant for the collection plate.

The building of the telegraph was not only a great engineering feat, but a huge war problem as well. During the civil war the line was built to get word of the action of California and Utah in regard to secession. The Union forces built the line, while the Confederates, aided by Indians, sought to prevent them.

The linemen guarded by soldiers battled through the wilderness, and this is shown in vivid drama in the new picture. Historic scenes such as Lincoln receiving the first message from the coast, with players chosen to be exact doubles of Seward, Grant, and other famous men present, offered a rather intricate problem in the filming of the picture, but the difficulty was surmounted by Director John Waters.

Much of the film was made amid the gorgeous scenery of Glacier National Park in Wyoming. Dorothy Janis, herself descended from the Cherokee Indian tribe, plays the heroine, while the villain is enacted by Lawford Davidson, and Frank Rice supplies the comedy. A tribe of 450 Blackfeet Indians aided in the making of the new production.

Among the dramatic thrills are the battle between the linemen, soldiers, and Indians, with a complete cavalry troop in action; the thrilling rescue by McCoy of the heroine when she is captured by enemies, and the sensational ride and leap over a cliff followed by a desperate battle on the brink of a precipice between McCoy and Davidson. Chief Big Tree, Chief Two Guns, White Calf, whose face was the model for the Indian on the present-day five-cent piece, and other famous Indian braves turned actors for the Indian sequences of the picture.

The Quebec Festival of French-Canadian Folk Lore and Handicrafts at which habitant artists born and bred on the soil of Quebec province, and well-known artists from far and wide rival one another in recovering the spirit of Old France, and old New France and the age-old culture of the Gaels, race will be held this year October 14-18, according to an announcement made by the Canadian Pacific Railway, organizers of the festival.

NEW BUSINESS TRENDS

If it is true that politics makes strange bedfellows, it is equally true that something similar may be said of business, in the light of recent happenings.

Manufacturers of various commodities are adding lines apparently unrelated to their original products, some of the new combinations being almost incongruous at first glance. For illustration:

A big automobile manufacturing concern has added refrigerators and radio sets, a yeast company takes on coffee as a companion product, an old sewing machine firm brings out a vacuum cleaner, while two piano manufacturers are also building motorboats.

The general idea is believed to be that by making two or more products a manufacturer is better enabled to cope with seasonal slumps and in many cases to keep working forces on a more uniform schedule of employment.

Whatever the explanation, the new trend is interesting, and seems likely to spread to many other lines of manufacturing and marketing.

Many million dollars worth of gold is buried yearly in China and India, and as a rule the owner dies without revealing the secret of his hiding place.

Mexico City is undergoing one of the most important building expansions in its history.

Chemists have developed a poison paint to prevent the growth of barnacles on the hulls of ships.

RED & WHITE STORE

RED & WHITE FLOUR IS GOING OVER BIG. IT IS PRICED RIGHT AND ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.

THESE ARE THE PRICES:

100's Red and White	\$3.95
100's SERVUS Brand	\$3.75
49's Red and White	\$2.05
24's Red and White	\$1.05

BARGAINS FOR SATURDAY AND MONDAY

JUST A FEW OF THEM

DOROTHY MILK

Large Tins, (2 lbs. each)	25c
WHITE BEANS—7 lbs. for	57c
CORNED BEEF, Helmet 1s	23c
LAUNDRY SOAP	

10 bars Red & White Brand	45c
COFFEE "OUR OWN" FRESH	
1 pound for	47c
3 pounds for	\$1.35
RICE CRISPIES, 2 packets for	25c

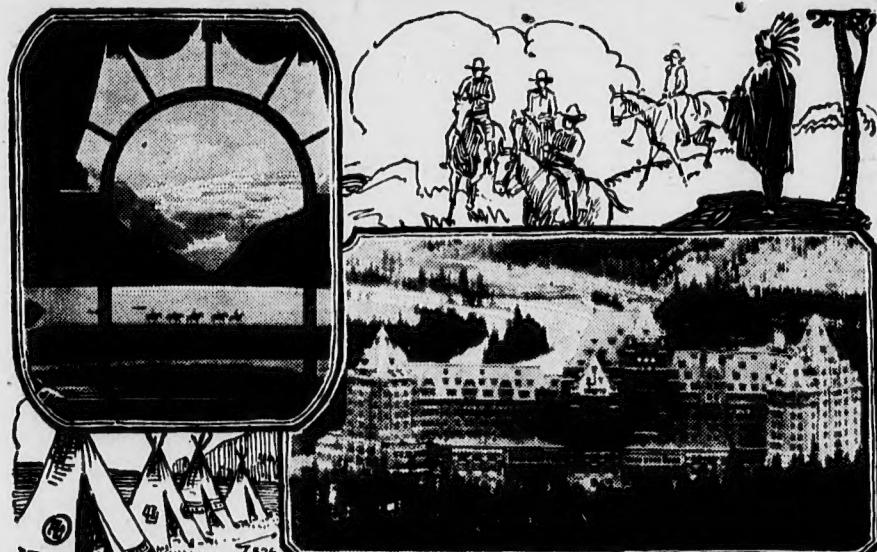
PRESERVING

Seasonable Fresh Fruit arriving regularly. Buy your sugar, vinegar, jars, and other preserving and pickling requirements here.

R. W. BROWN

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA,

The Rockies Are Calling You



The combination of the extremes of natural and sophisticated at Banff Springs Hotel and Chateau Lake Louise, respectively, until September 30, is perhaps the secret of their charm. Located in the heart of the finest scenery of the continent—mountain, lake and forest—each offers to the visitor everything that the most ritzy hotel in the most cosmopolitan cities of the world can furnish. You may be dancing to look through huge windows at slices of billion-dollar scenery or you may attire yourself in a memory that will last a lifetime. Lay-out shows, left, view from Chateau Lake Louise; lower right, the Banff Springs Hotel.

GREAT ROMANCE OF THE HUMMING WIRES!

TIM McCOY

—in—

The Overland Telegraph

McCoy on an outdoor drama is like "Sterling" on silver. It means—crackling action, superb riding, dramatic surprise and romance. This latest McCoy triumph takes us out to the Western pioneer frontier when the huming telegraph wires were keeping up almost with the procession of covered wagons.



If baby has COLIC

A CRY in the night. Colic! No cause for alarm if Castoria is handy. This pure vegetable preparation brings quick comfort, and can never harm. It is the sensible thing when children are ailing. Whether it's the stomach, or the little bowel's colic or constipation; or diarrhea. When tiny tongues are coated, or the breath is bad. Whenever there's need of gentle regulation. Children love the taste of Castoria, and its mildness makes it safe for frequent use.

And a more liberal dose of Castoria is always better for growing children than strong medicine meant only for adult use.

*Fletchers
CASTORIA*

SILVER RIBBONS

— BY —
CHRISTINE WHITING
PARMENTER

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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

So, alone at the window, Grandma watched her old friend carried by to his last resting place, followed, it seemed to her, by all those to whom he had ever ministered. Wickfield's elite in shining automobiles; shabby flitters from the country with sad faces peering from behind torn side-curtains; farm horses harnessed to well loaded carry-alls or buggies; a long, long line on foot following the others. And last, straggling behind them all, hurrying breathlessly, a woman trundling a baby in a dilapidated go-cart—a baby whom the old doctor had helped into the world only a few months before. . . . Yes, all Wickfield was there, thought Grandma. . . . No one had forgotten.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," she murmured softly. "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying. . . ."

CHAPTER XXV.

"What a thrilling, beautiful world it is!" mused Charmian, as she walked home from school one afternoon. It's a crime not to feel light-hearted every minute. I believe I should if it wasn't that John is leaving us. Grandma will miss him terribly; and so will I."

Yes, in another week the little office would be closed again, and the ell bedroom crying for an occupant. John Carter had stayed until a furnace fire was no longer necessary. On that he had insisted. He had been surprised and infinitely touched when Gage Garfield told him that all the doctor's worldly goods were now his own.

"Did Edward leave him everything?" she queried.

"About everything there was—the house and furnishings. All bills were to be settled (there weren't any to speak of), and any unpaid accounts on his books were to be cancelled. Two hundred dollars to Charmian,

'for a keepsake,' and the rest to John Carter. Yes, the young man was bowled over. Not a great legacy, but it showed that our old doctor loved and trusted him. And of course we all know how he loved Charmian. Wickfield will never be the same without him will it, Grandma?"

Grandma sighed and answered: "Not to some of us; and yet, Gage, it's a wonderful thing to live a long life and then die in the harness before you get to be a burden, as Edward Howe did. I couldn't wish him back. Just look at me!" she said, exasperated. "Here I sit all day long just watching the passing—don't even get out of my chair when some one comes in for a spool o' cotton—no earthly use except to keep Charmian company, or—"

"No use!" exploded Gamaliel indignantly. "I donna any one 'round Wickfield who's any more use! You've listened to and sympathized with all our troubles for twenty years, Grandma Davis, to say nothing of all the years before when you were always ready to lend a helping hand in time of trouble. Many's the time I've heard my father say, 'Polly Davis is a good friend.' And you're a good friend still. I haven't got one I value any more, and there's mark a Wickfielder who'd say the same."

"You're a good friend, too, Gage," smiled the old lady, patting his hand affectionately. "I'll never forget how you persuaded Deacon Purdie to give up that law suit, just so's I wouldn't get into trouble about those beads. There's times when I get thinking over that transaction, that I'm the least mite worried."

The lawyer grinned.

"You can rest easy if that's the worst sin you're got on your conscience! Once I bought a horse of the deacon—ought to have known better, of course; but I was a young sprig then and thought I knew the world—likewise horse. But I was mistaken in both cases. I wouldn't worry about those beads, Grandma. Well, I must trot along. I wanted to see Charmian and tell her she'd fallen heir to a legacy, but you can break the news instead. What'll she do with it, do you think?"

Grandma's face clouded as she replied: "Most likely she'll shingle the roof, and fix the leaks in the back half. I wish you were more commonsense, Charmian and I. But there! 'twould break our hearts to leave it, so what's the use? And if Charmian wants to use the doctor's legacy to keep us here a little longer, I'm sure Edward Howe would be the last one to think her foolish."

It was on this very subject that Charmian was meditating that May afternoon as she walked home from school.

"It's too lovely a day to spoil with worry," she told herself, "and I've got to face things sometime. It's not just John himself that we're going to miss, but the money he pays for board and rent. Summer's coming, and we can weather that, thanks to the dear old doctor for helping me to do some of the repairs; but next fall—Well, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I won't worry—yet. Somehow this day makes me think of Jim. He was rather inarticulate about it, but he said once when he was a little boy, that the smell of apple blossoms made him feel 'funny all over,' and it's my private opinion that it has the same effect on him now. I wonder if May is half as lovely in California as it is in Wickfield. I'm inclined to doubt it. I wonder if Jim is ever coming back—even for a visit. I wonder. . . ."

A sharp rap on a window pane informed the girl that she was passing her own front door. She looked up, laughing, and said as she went in to Grandma: "I was in a trance. I'd have walked into river if there'd been one handy. It's such a beautiful day, Grandma, that I got to dreaming. What's been happening to you?"

"Not much, child. The doctor couldn't stop to do the dishes, but Lizzie Baker found 'em in the sink when she came after some flour, and did 'em up. She forgot to rinse out

LUMBAGO?

A pain in the lower part of your back can torture you. But not for long, if you know about Aspirin! These harmless, pleasant tablets take away the misery of lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches, toothaches, and systemic pains of women. Relief comes promptly; is complete. Genuine Aspirin cannot depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross, thus:



the dish towel, but she was real kind to help anyway, and I told her not to return the flour—it was only half a cupful. She'd had another letter from Sarah Bennett, and what do you think has happened? That Darling girl, the one that set Wickfield on end with her green hat, has been out to California on a trip with a girl friend. They stopped to call, and Sophie invited 'em to stay a day or so. Jim's been escorting 'em around, showing 'em the sights, and I guess he's been too busy to write to you. My stars! that reminds me a letter came this morning. I was crazy to open it, but that's one crime I've never committed—opening other folks' mail. If a letter isn't private, I'd like to know what is!"

"You could have opened it, of course, Grandma," said Charmian, bringing the letter and seating herself in the old rocker. "Jim wouldn't say anything you couldn't see. I'll read it aloud: 'Dear—'" Charmian paused, then looked up at her grandmother with puzzled frown. "He says, 'Dear playmate.' He never called me that before."

"You've been playmates all your lives, haven't you?" replied Grandma literally. "I think he just means to be friendly."

"'Friendly!'" echoed Charmian. "Well, I guess you're right, Grandma, as usual." Her voice was the least bit hard, and the color had sprung into her face. It was still there when she finished reading: "He's evidently enjoying the fair Clara's visit," she said coldly. "And he's got the California fever, too. I wonder if he's forgotten a New England spring."

He doesn't say a single word about coming back. Well, if Jim Bennett wants to spend his life in a stucco bungalow with a palm tree for shade, he's welcome."

She tossed the letter onto the table contemptuously and went upstairs, while the old lady's eyes followed her retreating figure with a blending of amusement and distress.

"I don't what's in that letter to upset her so," she mused; then reached for the despised missive and read it through. "Charmian," she called when she heard the girl's step upon the stairs, "come here. I guess maybe you overlooked Jim's postscript."

"Postscript?" said Charmian, a note of hope in her voice, though her eyes were cold. "Well, what is it?"

"Here," said Grandma, and handed the letter to her irate granddaughter, who, going closer to the window, read:

"Charmian, when our old crabapple tree is white with blossom, will you pick an armful and carry them to the cemetery for Doctor Howe? He told me once that something about those blossoms always reminded him of his Kate—they were so pure and exquisite; and after that I took him a big bunch each spring—used to put 'em in a bowl on the desk in his office, where he'd find them when he came in. I don't want him to miss them now; and you're the only one I can ask who would understand. You do, don't you? Jim."

"Well," said Grandma, as the girl's hand slipped the letter, dropped limply to her side. "I donna but I'd rather a boy would think of doing a thing like that, than to have him appreciate small-paneled windows. I donna but—"

She paused, looked up, and her lips broke into a knowing smile. She was talking to an empty room!

CHAPTER XXVI.

On a morning in August Charmian unlocked the door into what had so recently been John Carter's office, and opened the basement wide. The floor was no longer covered by the soft Bokhara; the windows were bare of hangings; the bookshelves empty. Only the tall brass andirons gleamed a welcome from the blackened hearth; and the girl wiped the dust from Great-grandfather Davis's old chair, and looked appraisingly at her surroundings.

As she did so a brisk step sounded on the sidewalk, and in another moment the doorway was blotted out by George K.'s ample figure.

"What you up to this morning?" he questioned genially. "Saw the door wide open, and thought I'd take a look. Kind of bare, isn't it, since your doctor departed? But it's a pretty place in spite of that."

"Come in," smiled Charmian. "You're the one person in Wickfield I want to see."

"Sit down," she said. "This is the only chair, but I'll perch on the desk if you don't mind. Uncle George, I'm sick with indecision on a lot of subjects; but one thing's clear: I've got to give up the school!"

"But I'm afraid, Uncle George, that we'll have to sell the house."

"And live here?" he questioned.

Charmian nodded because it was hard to speak; but after a moment she continued: "It was Doctor Howe's idea. He must have realized that the time would come when I couldn't make both ends meet. Oh, I could only have kept the house as long as Grandma lived! I dread to tell her."

"Don't worry about that, my dear. I had an offer for it several months ago. I didn't say anything about it because I thought just then that a certain M.D. of our acquaintance might make his home here permanently. But if the place is on the market you won't have to hunt a purchaser."

"Then you really mean that the house is as good as sold?"

"I'm sure of it. I'll drop him a line today and ask when the papers can be signed. As for this little place, Charmian, with a few alterations it can be made delightful; and Grandma will be happy knowing your work is lighter. It's without doubt the sensible thing to do."

"Well, so long," smiled the banker. "I'll let you know what I hear from your purchaser, my dear."

Charmian stood at the window watching him cross the driveway and disappear under the golden pineapple.

"I believe," she mused, "that the whole thing will be easier now it's settled. This will make a darling living room. Grandma will get a better view of the street from this window than from the old one. I can sleep on a couch in here, and Grandma can have the other room. Of course it's the only thing to do! Why, hello! where did you come from?"

This question was addressed to John Carter, who stood, as George K. had an hour earlier, in the doorway. At Charmian's greeting he came forward, tossed his hat onto the desk, and answered: "I couldn't resist the lure of that open door. I never pass here, Charmian, without a homesick twinge. Never again shall I have an office that so exactly suits me; and I miss you and Grandma more than you'd guess. You see, there's not enough sickness this time of year to keep me from thinking of things that had better be forgotten. Well, let's forget 'em!" he said more cheerfully. "What brought you here this morning, may I ask?"

Charmian told him, adding that the old doctor had made the plan for her; and that George K. had a purchaser for the house.

"So you see," she ended, "everything's done—except telling Grandma. I admit that I can't quite face the thought of that ordeal."

The young man looked very serious as he replied: "Let me tell her, Charmian. I'm hardened to breaking unpleasant truths to people. Besides, unless I'm mistaken, Grandma is fond of me. I can break the news as painlessly as you can."

Late that afternoon when Charmian returned from a call at the Merrys', she found Grandma, bright-eyed, at the window.

"I've been been gallivanting," she explained as the girl kissed her. "Just after you started, along came the doctor and made me go for a ride."

"We've been clear to Eastboro, and I don't feel one mite tired. I will say that his car's a sight more comfortable than Edward Howe's was."

"I'm glad you've had such a good time," smiled Charmian. "Mrs. Merrys has a new picture of the baby; and Madge wrote that she'd send me another view. He's terribly cunning—looks for all the world like a miniature George. What do you want for supper, Grandma? It's almost time."

"I don't want anything but a cup o' tea, dearie, and maybe a slice of toast. I remember Edward Howe saying that old folks don't need much come night. And—see here, childy—the doctor told me about your plane

CHAPTER XXVII.

Charmian smiled as she responded: "Why all this privacy? I've been to the library, as you might deduce from this armful of books. But I got more than the books, Uncle George. I got a job! Miss Garfield has asked me to help at the library two hours each afternoon. Isn't that wonderful?"

Charmian was not to get her wish. It was the last day of August when George K. hailed Charmian as she passed the bank, and led her into the little room which had a formidable "Private" on its door; but which was in reality no more private than the air we breathe, because only on rare occasions did the president of the Wickfield National cross his door. He closed it now, however, and asked: "What you been up to this afternoon?"

The young man looked very serious as he replied: "Let me tell her, Charmian. I'm hardened to breaking unpleasant truths to people. Besides, unless I'm mistaken, Grandma is fond of me. I can break the news as painlessly as you can."

Charmian laughed, spontaneously, and Grandma asked: "You mean you're playing second fiddle these days?"

"Something mighty near it," grinned Jim. "Will you believe it, Grandma, my doting mother hardly noticed when I deserted. I left her sampling a new variety of citron. Gee! but it's good to be home!"

"Well, that's fine!" George K. spoke cheerfully. "I'll do you good to get away each day, and see folks. What I called you in for, Charmian, was to say that you can sign the deed at ten o'clock tomorrow. I just got word that your man will be here then, and wants to see you. I told him to come to the bank—thought maybe it would be hard for Grandma to see the act done, as you might say. I'm thankful now, child, that she deeded the place to you. It would be hard for her to sign the house away. There, Charmian, if you feel like crying, cry on your shoulder; but I advise you to buck up. In the long run most things come out right in this old world. If I didn't believe that truth I shouldn't be as happy as I am, or as fat, either!"

"Or so helpful to the rest of us," added Charmian. "It's all right, Uncle George. I did my crying long ago, and have since acquired such a stiff upper lip that it sometimes hurts! But as Grandma's probably hurts a great deal more, I don't complain. I'll be here at ten. Now I must run up and thank Gage Garfield for his suggestion, and then skip home. Thanks for—everything."

"Haven't you forgotten something?" asked George K. as she reached the door.

Charmian turned, her eyes aglow with sudden merriment. This was an

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WINNIPEG

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Courses:

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Through its FACULTY OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE courses leading to the degrees of B.Sc.(C.E.), B.Sc.(E.E.), M.Sc., and B.Arch.

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old joke of childhood's days, when as a little lass she often slipped into the room marked "Private," in search of the wee pink checkermints which George K. used to tell her "grew in his pockets." If, in those days, she forgot to bestow upon him a grateful kiss, he reminded her thusly and was rewarded by a sometimes strangling embrace. She came back now, laughing as she kissed him. Then the door closed behind her, while George K., watching from a window, saw her cross the street and start up the narrow stairs that led to Gage Garfield's office in the building opposite.

"My Bill must have been crazy when he let that girl slip through his fingers," he complained to the four walls. "However, all's well that ends well, and I hope"

What he hoped was interrupted by a fellow banker from Eastboro, who, as was everybody's custom, walked in minus the formality of a knock.

Charmian, finding Gamaliel busy with a client, delivered her thanks briefly and moved on up Main Street with lagging feet. No need to tell Grandma that the dread day was at hand, she thought. Let her sleep in peace this last night under her own rooftree. As for herself, she must swallow that lump in her throat and remember, as George K. said, that things usually turn out all right. It was wonderful that Miss Garfield needed help at the library just now. She must write Jim about it—if ever he answered her last letter. Miss Lizzie's latest bulletin from California had brought news that he had "a girl." Perhaps he was too busy playing 'round with her to write to "the girl he left behind him," thought Charmian whimsically; and, having reached the house, stopped to look up at

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Don't let early snows or frosty days catch you with only a part of your field—they will turn the soil in record time for you. Their power and ability to do more work than any other tractor across per day with less machinery at a lower cost, makes it pay to do a better job. Plow early and plow enough—your next year's profits will be greater.

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Your own money to the extent of millions of dollars is invested in Alberta Pool elevators. By patronizing these elevators to the fullest extent you will safeguard this large investment.

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Commercial Ins. Co. of N. Y.
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Stop Your Worry."

Office in Town Hall
GLEICHEN, ALTA.

A clock in a Detroit park is operated
by water power and has run 40
years without repair.

Town & District

When your friends visit you inform the Call:

The shooting season opens next Monday, Sept. 15.

Hope nobody forgets it was loaded this season.

The mighty hunters are preparing for an early start Monday.

Rev. C. R. and Mrs. Corcoran and two sons have returned from spending a most enjoyable vacation at Gulf Lake.

Mrs. Lutze is moving to Cluny for the winter to be with her son Harry, and will return to Gleichen next spring.

Minature golf is solving the unemployment problem. It takes half of the unemployed to build them and the other half to play them.

N. Kaldstad has returned from Isle Pierre, B. C. to spend a few weeks in the Gleichen area. He is most interested in the progress in the Peace River country.

Mr. Archie Gillies, night operator at the Gleichen Hotel, was there Thursday for a visit to eastern Canada accompanied by Mrs. Gillies. Archie expects to be away about a month.

Mr. Telford, nee Miss Emily House, surprised her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. C. House, by arriving in Gleichen on Saturday evening from Vancouver. She evidently is real glad to be home once more.

Mr. Geo. Shoultz, well known hockey artist from London, Ontario is doing relief work at the station this year. He is from the west and has been a great success in the Gleichen atmosphere seems to suit him.

"Bob" McArthur has arrived from his home in California to visit his brother Jack McArthur for a short time. Jack is meeting many of the former Gleichen people. It is some time since he left here, and evidently the world has dealt kindly with him as he is now a member of the San Francisco team of a game of baseball.

One of the most significant and practical tributes ever paid to newspaper advertising is seen in the recent decision of Fox theaters in a short 120 cities to use newspaper advertising exclusively in future. Here-tofore Fox managers have been permitted to exercise their discretion in this regard. They have been using newspapers, direct mail, billboards, radio and other mediums as well as newspaper advertising. Now, however, has come the order that only newspaper advertising is to be employed in the dissemination of Fox advertising.

The Call has just received a few particulars of the funeral of the late Tom Henderson, which took place in the Gleichen Hotel on Saturday afternoon, August 26th to the Ocean View Park. The Rev. G. E. Webber, formerly of Gleichen, conducted the services and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Mallory, J. Huddell, Bert Middleton, J. McArthur, Cieland and Clark were the pall bearers. Many friends and former friends attended the funeral. Among others who attended the funeral there were the following former Gleichen people: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shoultz, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Telford, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Viger, Mrs. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. J. C. Buckley. There were many beautiful floral offerings, many of them being sent by former Gleichen people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Telford, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Viger, Mrs. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. J. C. Buckley. There were many beautiful floral offerings, many of them being sent by former Gleichen people.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH SERVICES
Children's service 11 a.m.
Holy Communion 11:45 a.m.
Evenings 7:30 p.m.

ST. MELCHIUS, GLEICHEN
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Lodge — Ladies Silver Watch on
Fourth Ave., Gleichen. Please return
to Mrs. Mooren Young.

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Specializing in a full range of
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We do export Fur remodeling.

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GLEICHEN, ALBERTA

Calgary Office: Albertan Building.

TOWN OF GLEICHEN

OFFICE HOURS

9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and
2:30 to 5:30 p.m. Daily

Council meeting second Friday of
each month at 8 p.m.

This office will be closed as follows:
Statistical Holiday and the last
four weeks of July each year.

ALSO

first two legal working days of each
month for meter reading and first two
legal working days following the
sixteenth of month for collections, etc.

M. MURRAY,
Secretary-Treasurer.



Here and There

(67) v
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and high quality of products
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The "Home Industries" in
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